

Student Review

Serving BYU's campus community since 1986

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Provo, Utah

November 20, 1986

The Club Question

by Greg Matis and Kathleen Tait

Campus chatter this fall has been punctuated by frequent references to the ongoing battle between social clubs and the administration. As the two camps line up and exchange blows in what has become a perennial problem, the uninvolved bystander is left with some nagging questions.

We've talked to numerous club members and administrators (not surprisingly almost all "off the record") and there seem to be as many answers as people involved. Though trying to trace the problem to its beginnings is reminiscent of spending inordinate hours agonizing over the chicken and the egg, the dynamics of the dilemma seem clear. The administration makes restrictions as a response to questionable club activities. The clubs usually object to the added supervision; some comply, others simply conceal their circumvention of the guidelines. Then, when the new improprieties come to the administration's attention, the process begins anew with a fresh round of restrictions. Regrettably, the vicious circular path is strewn with accusations, misunderstanding and deceit.

Of the 150 clubs on campus, only 16 are designated as "social." But what do social clubs do? The answer seems apparent in the label: they socialize. Members claim that the social clubs also serve broader, more worthy goals than simply providing parties. They cite their support of homecoming and other similar university activities. Furthermore, active members explain, social clubs foster interaction, unity, and

friendship among students with common interests while stressing high (Greek) ideals like selflessness and spirituality.

So why all the ruckus from the powers-that-be? Even the harshest of administrative stewards would accept with gleeful gratitude the noble efforts of such altruistic organizations. Indeed, the administration's concerns do lie elsewhere.

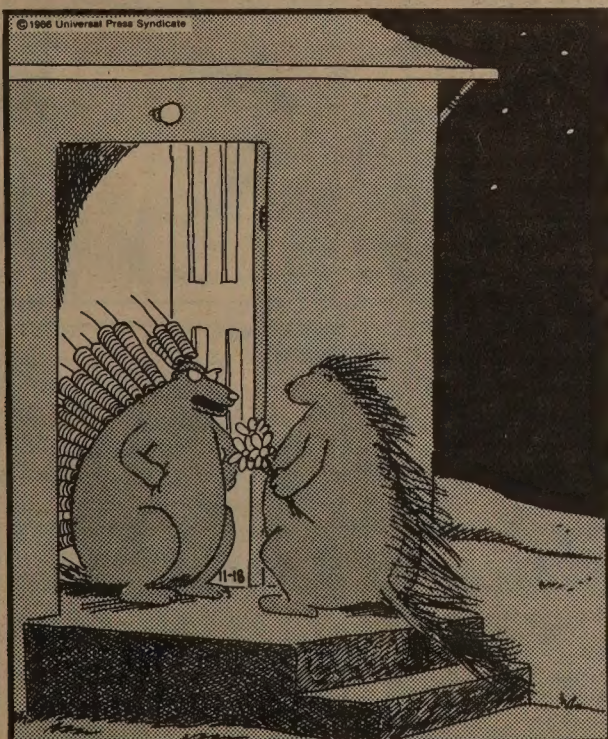
This week a BYU student lies in the Utah Valley Regional Medical Center after being involved in an automobile accident at 6:45 a.m. when returning from her club's version of what has appropriately come to be known as "hell night." The driver of the car, another exhausted pledge, had fallen asleep at the wheel after a grueling evening of physical and emotional torment. The idea of this final evening of the pledge is to humiliate, belittle, and degrade prospective members before they're admitted into the club.

These almost ritualistic traditions are not unique to one social club, in fact they are sadly the rule rather than the exception. Some of these activities aren't even appropriate to mention. We should note that we haven't researched *all* the social clubs and don't mean to categorically cast blame. But violations are widespread. Every major social club we researched had a hell night of some kind. Many of the groups also left Provo, one with all the pledges crammed in the back of a U-Haul.

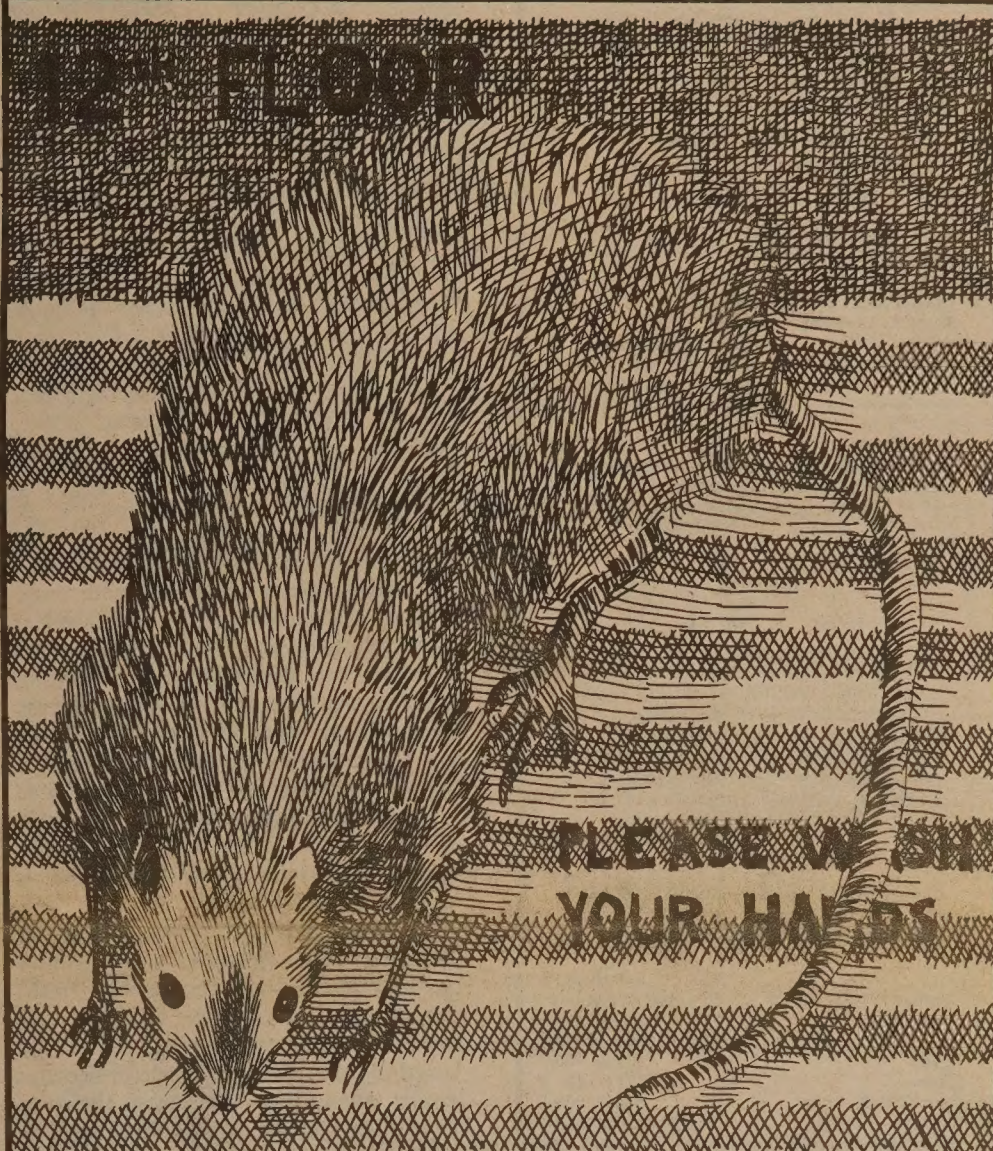
Pledges play slave to the older, see Clubs on page 7

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Oh, wonderful — you're early."



SWKT Floor 12: The Final Frontier

by Willa Murphy

James and I stepped into the elevator of the Kimball Tower, unaware of our approaching rendezvous with destiny. From the moment I saw the BYU grounds crew that morning blowing leaves off the trees before they could fall, however, I should have known it wouldn't be an ordinary day. I pressed the button marked "11" and watched the doors seal us into the ill-fated lift. We talked a bit; then the doors slid open.

"This doesn't look like the eleventh floor," I said. "It isn't," said James. We glanced up at the digital counter: "12." Could this really be happening? The twelfth floor of the SWKT--a place most of us, unless you are a select psychology major or a schizophrenic homosexual who donates brain cells to the psychology department--can only dream (or have nightmares) about, was now within my grasp, beckoning me to come forward and bask in this psychologists' paradise.

The very mention of the place sends chills up one's spine. How many of us, while riding that elevator, have futilely punched on the "12" button, while reading the intimidating warning carved in formica ("12th FLOOR FOR AUTHORIZED RESEARCH PERSONNEL ONLY") praying that somehow our dreams might be fully realized. Well, technology's fallacy this day was to my advantage. "There's a reason for us to be here," I thought. "It was fated to be, and one shouldn't tangle with Fate."

Had we been honor code-abiding, we would have remained on the elevator, but there's something about the smell of formaldehyde that throws all one's inhibitions to the wind: this was one experience that could not be passed up. We alighted.

A rather chunky woman in a lab coat (of course) scurried around the corner with a pigeon tucked neatly

see Floor 12 on back page

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Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers; BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review. Opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, Brigham Young University, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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Student Review

is nearing the end of its first semester of publication. Thank you for your support so far. Look for our Holiday edition on November 26, then we'll see you in 1987. If you are interested in being involved next semester, call 377-2980

Religion: A Biologist Looks at the Flood

by Dale Hunt

The story of Noah's flood is powerful. It shows the magnitude of Noah's faith, the virtue of obeying the commandments of God, and the severe punishment that can come from mankind's wickedness. Many Bible readers, however, believe the flood story is much more. They see it as a completely factual description of the fate of all human and animal life on the earth in Noah's time--a universal, literal account.

Those who believe the flood was not universal usually cite geological evidences. It is not what geology shows, but what it fails to show, that casts doubt upon the universality of the story. Geological records are best at showing the effects of water, and there is no geological evidence anywhere that a great flood involving the whole earth ever occurred.

I would like to look at this issue from a less common angle: population genetics. First some basic terms. Humans (and most animals) are diploid organisms. That means we have our genes in pairs, with one set from each parent. Various forms of a gene are called *alleles* (like blue or green alleles of the gene for eye color). The term for the location of a gene on a chromosome is *locus* (plural: loci). The total of all the genetic information of a population is called its *gene pool*.

Using these few terms, let us consider the genetics of Noah's group. On the ark there were Noah, his three sons, and their wives. Noah's sons did not contribute anything to the gene pool, because every allele they had was given to them by either their mother or father. If we assume that at some locus Noah and the four women were all unique, the maximum number of alleles in the ark's gene pool at any locus was ten: two from each of the five genetically unique passengers on the ark.

If the flood really did wipe out all humans on the earth except these eight, all of us today are descended from them. This would mean that, barring new mutations, we would expect to see no more than ten alleles at any gene locus in the entire human population. But geneticists have shown that the value for one known locus exceeds 150; others may be even higher.

Using biblical chronology espoused by most of the same people who take the flood story literally, Noah boarded the ark less than 5000 years ago. Even with a liberal estimation of the mutation rate, there would be very little if any occurrence of new alleles in the 200 generations since that time. Such an increase in genetic diversity--from 10 alleles to 150 or more--would require many millions of years of mutation and gene evolution.

The differences between observed and expected allele numbers are even greater when considering unclean beasts. Since there were only two of each kind on the ark, the maximum number of alleles for any of them would be four per locus. Their gene pool would be even more limited than man's. Many animal species, however, have even more genetic variability than humans.

Merely looking at human genetic variation, the evidence is clearly against a strictly literal interpretation of the biblical flood account. Based on these data, either: a) Noah's flood did not destroy all but Noah's family (it was not universal); b) humans are evolving at a more rapid rate than has yet been documented by any human geneticist; or c) biblical chronology is off by a few orders of magnitude (an argument that does not negate the inference that humans are genetically evolving--it only reduces the rate).

Paul said that "all the earth and . . . unto the ends of the world" had heard the law of Christ (Romans 10:18 see also v.4). Paul and the other early Christians had not been far enough in any direction to cover

the world we know now. Many cultures have no record of Jesus Christ. But he was being truthful in what he said, for the world he knew. We do not expect Paul to have been referring to a world he did not know; but we seem still to insist on more from the flood story. "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered." (Genesis 7:19).

What does this mean doctrinally? Probably only a shift in perspective. It tells us that what we had previously taken as literal history was a geographically local, yet symbolically universal event. It takes the idea of the earth's baptism from a literal to a symbolic context.

Does it change any of the lessons we can personally benefit from? The lessons of obedience, faith, and God's judgment? I think not. Whether bible stories are literal or symbolic (or, more likely, a combination of the two) has no necessary effect on their spiritual power. With this perspective we can learn just as much from them while understanding their history more accurately.

39 WEST

STOREKEEPERS FOR
GENTLEMEN & GENTLEWOMEN



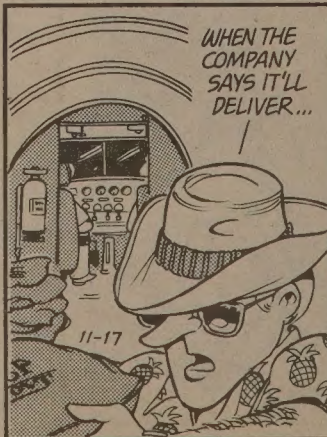
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To Look
A Lot
Like
Christmas*

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BY GARRY TRUDEAU



Doonesbury



Christmas: Too Much, Far Too Soon

by S. A. Jackson

I was stopped outside the bookstore and asked to write something for the Student Review. "O.K., what on?" I replied. "Anything cynical and sarcastic," they returned. Oh boy, I thought, where do I start.

This was like being a kid on Christmas morning and trying to decide which toy to play with first. Speaking of Christmas, that merry old Yuletide season, let me ask you these questions: has your social club gone out to sing carols to shut ins or retirement center people? Have you been baking Christmas cookies in the shapes of Santa Claus, angels, trees, and bells with ivy? Has Christmas dinner with the family left you full of mom's cooking? Are your chestnuts roasting on an open fire? Have you made that annual trip to the tree lot or mountains for O Tannenbaum? Do you know why you haven't done any of these things? BECAUSE IT'S NOT CHRISTMAS, THAT'S WHY!

Why then, oh innocent of the marketing and advertising world, does the bookstore have their Christmas items out already? Three weeks ago they started stocking the shelves with stocking stuffers and I haven't even finished all of my Halloween candy yet. There are no visions of sugarplums in my head, I am still awfully excited about fall and Thanksgiving, pilgrims and cornucopias. But the first thing I see upon entering the west end of the bookstore is a banner declaring BOXED CHRISTMAS CARDS! The panic sets in, blood rushes to my head, good grief, only a month and a half until Christmas. My mind is blitzed with all of the usual Christmas paranoia.

Mail early, hurry, hurry, hurry.

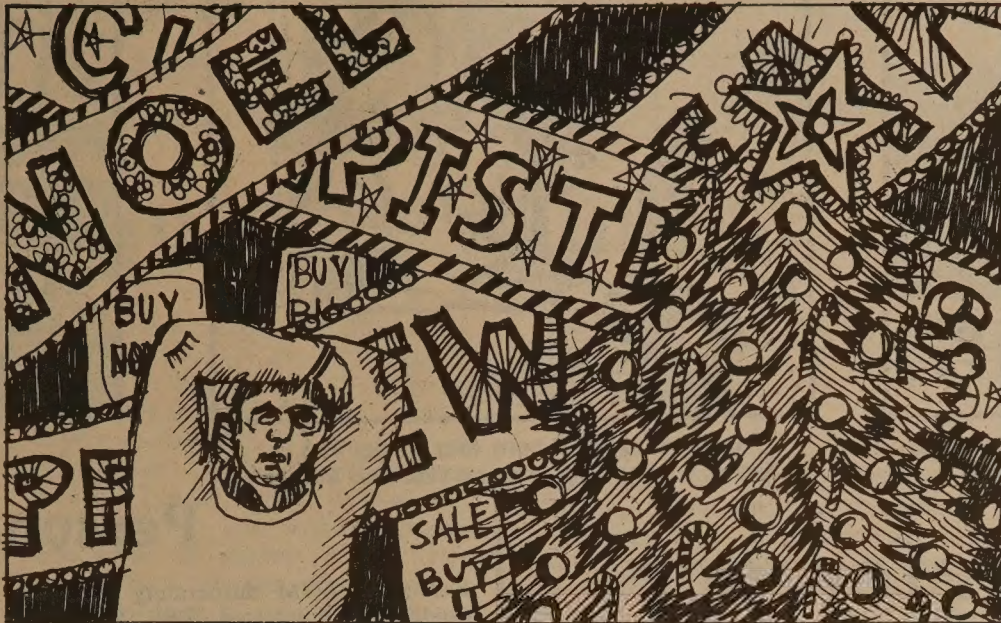
Get excited, spend money, whose name do I have this year? What am I going to get? Hey, it's Christmas!

Hey....it *isn't* Christmas. It isn't even officially winter yet. But somewhere in an office a big-wig businessman is praying for snow and cold and for everybody everywhere to buy his pre-pre Christmas shopping plan.

Well I'm not buying it.

Disgusted, I wander through the bookstore. Then I spy it, blatantly displayed in front of me, a Christmas tree. Is it real or just a figment of my imagination? I lean over to touch the needles and hit my head on the plastic snowflake hanging from the ceiling. The tree is indeed fake—but all too real. I gaze at all of the trinkets, the ornaments, these small objects that are the epitome of impulse buying.

You see, the bookstore people are quite clever. Behind that front of "we-only-do-what-the-administration-instructs-us" are some people who know how to make money. They put all of those little items on the shelves, knowing full well that thousands of people pass by there many times a day. The aisle is so



narrow that people are bunched up like sheep, milling and weaving their way through cards, candy, and fuzzy reindeer.

How could you not buy something?

Sure, I understand the bookstore's reasoning for this early Christmas onslaught. Their answer is the usual witty, snappy-answer-to-stupid-question type response that you see on the wall in The Twilight Zone:

We like to get the items out early because so many students leave for home right after finals. This shortens our season considerably and after all, we are a Business!

No kidding. I can't fault them for wanting to make money. O.K., so why don't they put the Easter and Valentine's Day stuff out for those students who don't come back for winter semester? Because it's stupid, that's why.

Now don't misunderstand me. I love Christmas. I also like Thanksgiving and Halloween. But I like them in their respective months and times. I think a law should be passed: no decorations, no cards, no plastic Santa Clauses or balsa wood nativity sets stapled together in Taiwan, no city street lights decorated, until the day after Thanksgiving. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law—something horrible like solitary confinement and 72 straight hours of the instrumental version of "Jingle Bell Rock."

I guess what it all boils down to is I don't like pressure and being subjected to paranoia, especially the kind that comes from capitalistic organizations. They really don't want you to get the Christmas spirit; they just want your money. Now I know the bookstore is a service to the students and they do have to compete to stay alive, but having everything out so early puts me into this crazy time-warp. I can't figure out what season it is. Did I miss the cranberries and pumpkin pie, has the Peanuts Christmas Special been on yet, how about the Whos down in Whoville, or Handel's Messiah?

anything you want—but do it in the right season. Remember, the more you support them early this year, the sooner they will try and put it out next year. Maybe you will be able to pick up a nice tree at a Labor Day Sale.

This is S.A. Jackson's first submission to Student Review. He is known to check his biorhythms with Aztec sundials.

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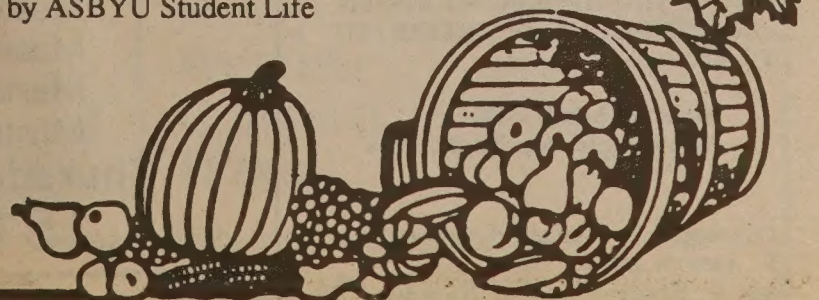
Stuck in Provo for Thanksgiving?

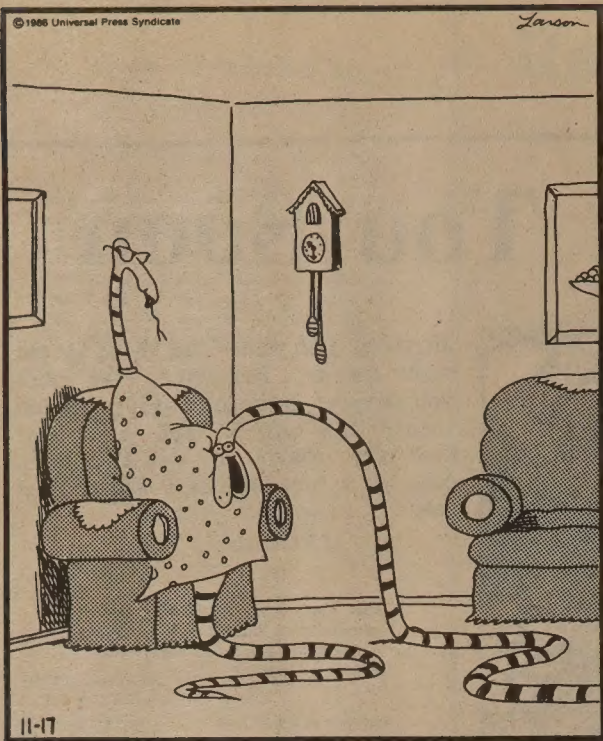
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"I hear 'em! ... Gee, there must be a hundred of the little guys squirming around in there!"



"Give me a hand here, Etta ... I got into a nest of wiener dogs over on Fifth and Maple."



Tantor burns up on I-90

Survey: Preference

Due to the advent of Preference and consequent random conversations about gender roles in dating, we thought it would be not only timely but a Good Time as well to ascertain just where the BYU population stands on various dating issues.

DO YOU THINK THAT IT IS APPROPRIATE FOR A GIRL TO ASK A BOY OUT FIRST?

Yes: 85% No: 15%

DO YOU THINK THAT IT IS APPROPRIATE FOR A GIRL TO KISS A BOY FIRST?

Yes: 55% No: 38%
Not Sure: 5%
Don't Understand Question: 2%

Student Review also wanted to know if there exists a discrepancy between theory and practice.

For the girls:

WOULD YOU, PERSONALLY, ASK A BOY OUT FIRST?

Yes: 69% No: 31%

WOULD YOU, PERSONALLY, KISS A BOY FIRST?

Yes: 25% No: 75%

For the boys:

WOULD YOU MIND BEING ASKED OUT FIRST OR WOULD YOU PREFER NOT TO BE?

Wouldn't Mind: 70%
Would Prefer Not To Be: 30%

WOULD YOU MIND BEING KISSED FIRST OR WOULD YOU PREFER NOT TO BE?

Wouldn't Mind: 51%
Would Prefer Not To Be: 49%

Sample Comments:

"Guys like to be asked out but they don't like the girls that ask them out"

"If girls can wear shoulder pads and guys can wear earrings then there's no such things as feminine and masculine roles in anything."

"This is the eighties. I like girls who are forward."

"I have a problem with the question. What's the difference between a girl kissing you first or sitting there staring at your lips with that yearning look in her eyes and her own lips quivering? I don't see any difference."

"Women need to know their place."

"If a girl won't call me I won't go out with her."

"If a boy has no hormones it is necessary and acceptable to get things going."

"Are you kidding? Allow an inferior gender to mess with my life?"

"As long as they don't slobber, it's O.K."

Personal Ads

Frustrated SWM desperately seeking intelligent, frustrated SWF for hot steamy tempestuous romance before Christmas break. Curly hair, ticklish, slightly off-balance, aggressive. No polyester, computer or business majors. Box 777

To the girl with the great smile who used to pick up *Student Review* by Kinkos on Thursday mornings--write me. Box 314

To Box 606: Check your box (call the *Review*) for proof of my existence. We will arrange a visitation. Faithlessly yours, Box 505

Box 853: Yes, I dare answer, and I laugh in your general direction. If you even had an ounce of feeling, this never would have happened. The only remorse I feel is having to admit I know you. YKW (You Know Who)

JC: Search no further. . . . I'm serious! How serious are you??? Shall we lunch? Box 863

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Oops! The dollar off at Plastique Tuesday night fell through. Sorry for any inconvenience.

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For Inquiring Minds

1963 PHONE DIRECTORY READY FOR PICK-UP

After thorough verification of the exhaustiveness and accuracy of the 1963 Phone Directory, it is finally ready for pick up in the Wilkinson Center. "We are sure that this directory will be an invaluable addition to the University community," a spokesman said. "It has the complete listing of every faculty member and student of BYU during 1963. We're very anxious to get it out so it can be used by students and faculty."

FIRST MARSHMALLOW KILLING

The first casualty of the Administration's new "get tough with those marshmallow throwers" occurred at Saturday's Oregon State game. After being repeatedly warned by a security guard, a student continued to throw marshmallows. According to a spokesman for BYU Security, "Finally the guard took out his gun and, after firing a warning shot, told the student that he would be forced to fire if the student threw one more."

The student turned and threw the marshmallow at the eye of the guard. In order to defend himself, the guard had no choice but to fire." Others have suggested that this shooting was the result of an overly-zealous security system trying to root out marshmallows. One witness reported that when the student (whose name has not been released, pending notification of next of kin) turned to the guard to throw the last marshmallow of his life, the guard smiled and said, "Go ahead--make my day."

COMMUNIST INFLUENCE ROOTED OUT OF BYU MISSIONARIES

A recent study suggested that the red tags of the BYU missionaries were the result of communist infiltration into the mission and that they were responsible for communist tendencies of some missionaries. It was reported that one missionary, for example, suddenly yelled, "Workers of the world unite!" in the middle of a discussion of the plan of salvation. The tags have accordingly been changed to yellow.

AYATOLLA RELEASES HOSTAGE PRICE LIST

In order to facilitate the exchange of weapons for hostages, the Iranian government released a "Hostage Price List," a government spokesman said. While this price list directly contradicts President Reagan's statement that arms were not being traded for hostages, it does support his statement that only one cargo plane load had been shipped. The price for one hostage, for example, is 25 tanks, 200 machine guns and a round of ammunition for each or one cargo plane, 5 tanks, and 3 nuclear warheads. The administration announced that these prices were clearly too high and they would not participate. Other Washington observers, however, feel that Reagan is simply waiting for the Ayatollah's Christmas sale.

Brushes With Fame

Stephanie Terry:

1. Played the piano at the baptism of C.S. Leake (the guy who held up the D.C. Temple). He always was a little strange.
2. Was almost run down in O'Hare airport by Liza Minelli (pre-Betty Ford days).
3. Was almost run down in Mesmerelda's parking lot by Caroline Kennedy in Uncle Teddy's station wagon (pre-Edward Schlossberg).
4. Met Academy-award winner Louise Fletcher (Nurse Ratchet from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) in the Terry driveway this summer when Ms. Fletcher was sharing houseguests with Mums and Daddums Terry.
5. Saw Sidney Pollock at the record store at University Mall (he had an *Out of Africa* ski jacket and a really mod perm).
6. Is related to someone who really liked James Watt.
7. Was severely reprimanded by her mother for saying "bye-bye" on the phone to some senator. So much for protocol.
8. Knows someone whose sister was on the 14th Street bridge when the Air Florida plane hit it, and whose brother-in-law was at the same time on the subway train that derailed and killed three people.
9. Has a friend who sat on the top of a mountain in Tibet or Nepal or somewhere with the Dalai Lama.
10. Almost saw Indira Gandhi's last visit to the U.S.--you couldn't see her for the Sikhs demonstrating. Besides, I was late for work.
11. Was graced with the presence of Michael Flynn (the Nissan and Minute-Lube man) and Don Olson (Channel five news) in her ward. They were doing their "D.C. tour"--yes, now they can name drop, too!

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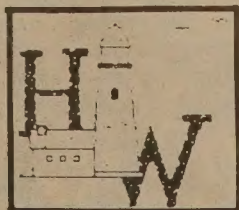
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Serving Strangers: The Music of Hope

by Becky Noah

President Kimball, in his dedicatory prayer for the Carillon Tower prayed that God would "Let the morality of the graduates of this university provide the music of hope for the inhabitants of this planet." These are beautiful and inspiring words. Indeed, we as a people profess to value hope as well as faith and charity and what better way to communicate these values than through our actions and our service? Yet we often tend to confine our charitable actions to small deeds of service in even smaller circles. While all service is worthwhile, too often it is only offered to roommates, family members, friends, occasionally home or visiting teachees, and more infrequently, planned service projects. But rarely do we stretch and reach out to strangers to give of ourselves of our own accord.

In a few weeks, the scene all around the country will be pretty much the same. Scout leaders, elementary school children, Sunday school classes, women's clubs, Kiwanians, and other civic-minded groups of all kinds will lavish hours of carolling and hundreds of Elmer's-glue-and-glitter-greeting cards upon the many nursing homes, training schools, and children's hospitals in their respective communities. Perhaps some of us will toss a few coins into the pots of the bell-ringers at the malls.

Here at BYU, and in hundreds of other communities, many will reach out to needy families by participating in worthwhile Sub-For-Santa programs. Still others will take part in canned food and toy drives of all kinds in the hopes of comforting some hungry or toyleless individual. Newspapers will be full of accounts of such acts of service and giving and will call for more donations of money, time, and self. Such charity to "strangers" is common this time of year. Christmas seems to bring out the very best spirit of giving in everyone.

There is little doubt that such efforts will be appreciated. Yet in spite of all of these quasi-traditional holiday efforts, there is still a critical need for us to become creatively involved in our communities. As college students, we are uniquely qualified. (Sure we're busy, but who isn't?) We are youthful, strong, and relatively carefree. We have the flexibility, time, and energy that those in established careers and jobs don't have. We have the insight and abilities that younger children don't have. In short, with only ourselves to worry about, we have more opportunity--and hence more obligation--to serve meaningfully in our communities and in this world.

So what is meaningful service? For starters, this time of year, it does not mean singing at a rest home. True, the holiday season can be a great time to catch the spirit

and the sense of true joy that come from meaningful service. Yet, there are many year-round service opportunities available at BYU and in Utah County that most students do not even know about. Several worthwhile programs exist to channel your charitable energies. The Community Services office located in 431 ELWC, 378-7187, is ready to help you. This is where you can go to find out about anything from Sub-For-Santa to tutoring refugee children to teaching Sunday school at the American Fork Training School to Special Olympics to Adopting-A-Grandparent. Student volunteers who staff the office are prepared to answer your questions and help you find a service niche in the community. They always need your help. Give them a call.

If you are more individualistic and desire to serve in a less structured manner, many options exist. One of my favorites is volunteering to cook or serve in a charitable dining room. They are especially busy on Thanksgiving and Christmas days. In Provo, the St. Francis dining room needs volunteers. (Call 375-9115 for more information about signing up.) It is a great way to get your mind off of your self--especially if you can't go home for a holiday.

You can sponsor a child in another country. For a little more than fifteen dollars per month you can contribute to the care and education of a child in an impoverished situation. Often you can even correspond with this child in his/her native tongue. It's a great way to actually make a difference. Closer to

home, cleaning your elderly neighbor's yard is a much-needed act of community service. You can even check-out yard tools from ASBYU! (Call 378-7184 for more information.) One other much-needed service around this time of year is the simple act of merely donating your blood. Alcohol-free whole blood is a scarce commodity during the holidays. This is not entirely painless, but critically needed.

If you are going home, you'll find that most every community has an information and referral service, a volunteer center, or a United Way hotline of some sort which can fill you in on the particular service needs in your community. (In Provo, call 374-6400; in SLC, call 487-4716.) Better yet, check the Yellow Pages under "Social Service Organizations." Look until you find an organization or cause that interests you or you feel you are qualified to work with. The information is available; action is the key. It's clear that what is really needed is individual initiative and desire.

If we are to provide the "music of hope" for this planet we must begin to broaden our view. There are the homeless, hopeless, hungry, and helpless all around us. If you don't find them (or see them) in your own neighborhood, they are in someone else's--but they are there. Look around. Serve creatively; serve meaningfully. We really do have to learn to serve strangers. Now is the best time to practice. Perhaps we may then learn to radiate love to all people and President Kimball's prayer will begin to be answered.

Laughing With the Sinners

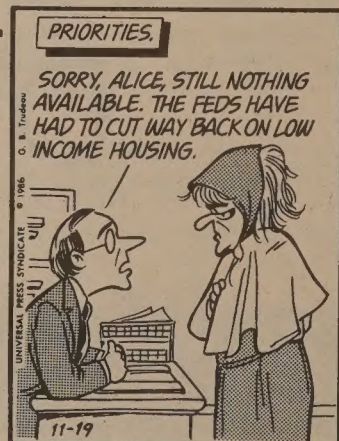
by Rob Eaton

Nearly a year ago I found myself in the backseat of a taxicab in Washington, D.C., playing grownup on the first day of my new internship. With me was my immediate supervisor: an articulate, enjoyable, somewhat cynical senior paralegal. She interrupted our conversation to apologize for her repeated (though not unusual) swearing. Apparently I had made her a bit uncomfortable with her habit because, although I had said nothing about it, I had not joined in. Realizing that she must have taken me for a sheltered Utah farm boy, I was about to assure her that I was used to such language and that her vocabulary was mild in comparison to others to which I'd been exposed.

But on second and wiser thought, I said nothing. If she'd felt uncomfortable swearing around me, good.

As Latter-day Saints, particularly as young Latter-day Saints, one of the cardinal cultural sins seems to be appearing sheltered or prudish. We don't want people to think we've not been exposed to standards different from our own. Occasionally in our efforts to be tolerant, however, we bend over backwards to prove we've been in the world. We might even swear or dabble in other areas we deem to be "acceptable grey" in order

Doonesbury



to show others and ourselves we're not too good.

Friday night, about 15,000 BYU students sent just such a message to each other and Billy Joel.

My analysis might be faulty, but it seems that the phenomenon described above was at least part of the reason we reacted so heartily to Joel's rendition of "Only the Good Die Young." It could be that it was simply the music and not the lyrics or Joel's introduction to which listeners were responding. The song is one of his most upbeat and enjoyable pieces of music. And the mesmerizing effect the crowd had on itself cannot be underestimated. I might not have thought much about it myself had I not once used these particular lyrics to illustrate trends in modern music and literature for a speech in Communications 101. Because of that and recent dialogue in the *Review* and the *Universe* about the appropriateness of certain activities, I was particularly sensitive when the song came up. I'm sure many people just didn't think much about the encounter. Regardless of the reason, however, we sent a resounding message to the visiting musician--a message that we were not goodie-goodies. Not us. We knew and loved his ballad in which he urges a girl to lose her virginity. After all, it's better "to laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints." Or perhaps the more intellectual concert-goers were thinking, "Hey, I'm not so narrow-minded that I can't understand and appreciate differing viewpoints."

Maybe I wouldn't have been as disturbed by the crowd's display had it not been such a direct response to his introduction. "I'm not tryin' to convert anyone or anything," mused one of our generation's most talented musicians. "I just wanna present you with an alternative."

As his fingers pounded out the song's initial chords, the crowd burst into an unprecedented hysteria. It seems his message was received quite well.

I like Billy Joel. I enjoy his music. I don't mean to condemn all of his music--I rather enjoyed the concert. But as I glanced over the crowd during that one song, I could not help but feel that we have some spiritual maturing to do before we are able to give Israel much hope.

P.O. Box 7092

Dear Editor,

Do you have any friends who are staying here at school for Thanksgiving? If so, please share the information below with them.

Thanksgiving is just a week away and it would be nice if everyone could spend it with their families. Most will, but others will find themselves stuck in an all-but-deserted Provo on this holiday. If your family is close by, you may not be able to relate to this, but for some of us the distance between Provo and family is impractical to drive in the short four day weekend. And for many of us poor, struggling students the thought of flying is foreign. There are other reasons for staying in Provo for thanksgiving, such as job commitments and severe cases of academia. Whatever the reason, it is hard to be away from family on this very family oriented holiday.

Thanksgiving Day ASBYU Student Life will be sponsoring a get-together for all of us students stuck in Provo. It will be held from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the Memorial Lounge and Step-down Lounge of the Wilkinson Center. There will be two big screen TV's for students to watch the parades and football games. In addition, they will be showing one of the greatest movies ever to grace the silver screen: "Holiday Inn" with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby. An Abbot and Costello movie will also be showing that is sure to be worth a few laughs. The Wilkinson Dining Center will be serving a turkey dinner for \$4.50, and students are welcome to bring theirs into the Lounges and eat by the fire. Snacks (popcorn, chips, etc.) will be provided all day long.

I would hardly propose this event to take the place of being with family on Thanksgiving, but it could beat staying in your apartment staring at cinder block. I'm going!

Kathleen E. Tait

Dear Editor,

Four years ago last month I was asked by a friend of mine if I would be interested in joining a social club. I hesitated at first. It wasn't that I had been offended by the attitude of most social club members. It had just seemed to me that they were of a more elite gene pool and acted accordingly. I didn't really feel like I belonged to that group.

Nevertheless I went to the open house and was pleasantly surprised. The guys I met who were investigating the club seemed directed, conscientious and most of all, fun-loving. They had exceptional social skills and seemed concerned with the individual.

The members I met were even more interesting. They were all upper classmen and appeared to be good students, and were all involved in extra-curricular activities, ranging from student government to the honors program to teaching at the MTC to playing lacrosse and to running special olympics. Our conversations that evening ran the gambit: from football to nuclear arms, from missions to service, from marriage to social relationships. I began to think that maybe I had found a niche.

Then the members invited us to pledge. My visions of pledge were of sore buttocks and upset stomachs, late night panty raids and beer chugging. Instead pledge was six unforgettable weeks for different reasons. Through musters, firesides, chats with our big brothers, car washes, yard work, study halls, dances, parties and football games, we forged a fraternal feeling that will last long after we have left BYU.

The bonds of brotherhood created by six weeks of grueling challenges, excruciating exercise and relentless research: (We had to know the names of the founders of the organization, all active members, and most importantly, the significance of our name and what our organization stood for), lasted throughout our mission experiences and have been a springboard for success in every facet of our lives.

This springboard has been helpful to me however, only because it was built by the principles of true brotherhood. When we decided to pledge we decided to build. We took the foundations of existing associations and built upon them. We worked together, ate together, studied together, thought together and partied together. Our pledge-masters taught us to do things together as brothers.

They did not seek to destroy. There was no denigration of mind, spirit or body. There was no paddling, no beer guzzling, no screaming, no verbal derision. We were built up as people, not torn down like an old building. My big brother told me once: "How could I expect you to call me 'brother', really mean it, and trust me as such, when I had beaten you with a stick without cause? Or how could you ever be able to trust me as a brother or even as a friend if I had blindfolded you and verbally abused you?"

So it is upsetting to see that today's pledges are being treated so cruelly. Are late night yell sessions, racial or sexual slurs, physical abuse, i.e., paddling, spanking, putting items of food in uncomfortable places, force feeding our future brothers and sisters' a concoction that would take paint off, really the most effective ways of engendering bonds of fellowship? Can we not promote a feeling of brotherhood and create bonds through positive means only?

This may all sound idealistic. But are we not a people of ideals? When we as Mormons took upon us the name of our Lord, we pledged to better ourselves and our fellows. When we as brothers and sisters pledged to our clubs, we took upon ourselves the responsibility of creating and maintaining closer friendships than we felt the normal university setting would provide. This responsibility entails therefore, an adherence not only to the principles of decency, but to the principles and standards of the university to which we are inscribed, and the principles of the kingdom to which we belong.

When we have grasped and understood this responsibility, our actions will be those actions which promote the feelings of brotherhood, and those actions will then further enable us to share the feelings with those who seek them.

Wally Glausi

Clubs from front page

wiser "actives"--sell their books, bring them breakfast in the canyon, and serve their boyfriends' and girlfriends' needs too--and, for two weeks or more the hopefuls are told when and what to eat, study, sleep, wear, and even say. Meanwhile they are consistently reminded that they won't make the grade. The girls in the car accident had been told all night, as they marched around the mountains near Brighton with macabre makeshift blindfolds adhered to their faces, that they were too fat, not fun enough, not dedicated. . . in short, they were unacceptable.

Another well-known club spends a similar evening well in advance of hell night putting its pledges under a bright spotlight and interrogating and haranguing them until they break down.

One naturally wonders in bewilderment why the pledges put up with this kind of treatment. Club officers in several organizations claim that the pledges ask for it. At the beginning of the pledge process in these groups, all the pledges were presented with a choice between following the new administration guidelines and having a "real pledge." One dedicated pledge class was left alone in a room and told to write a letter to the actives expressing what they really wanted. Of course they opted for the hazing.

What could possibly motivate those who administer the abuse? The answers might be found in the escape from individual responsibility that is characterized by a group mentality. History teaches a sad lesson that groups will commit certain acts that an individual would never commit alone. Consider paddling. It is very

unlikely that this pervasive club practice of beating another human being would ever be acceptable on an individual level, but when the violent act is sanctioned and carried out by the group it somehow becomes acceptable. Many of the main social clubs paddle. "It's harsh," an upper-classman frat man observed philosophically, "but it really builds unity."

Equally disturbing is the aura of secrecy which surrounds pledge activities. Unwitting pledges must promise from the outset never to disclose the details of the challenges they will endure. (At this point we should express our gratitude to those noble ones who do talk--this article owes its existence to them.) Many of the club members guard this secrecy with religious zeal. One of the most famous sects. . . er. . . clubs, Sam Hall, is close to fanatical in the enforcement of secrecy. Even

the die-hard clubsters aren't exactly sure what the Sam Hall pledge entails. Members of many of the clubs whom we spoke with were actually afraid of possible retaliation.

In light of these kind of attitudes and activities it is understandable that the administration attempts to play a restraining role. Virtually all of the practices described above are violations of the official university policy toward social clubs established earlier in the fall. In the case of the hell night which resulted in the car accident, the club was blatantly violating at least five of the rules they had agreed to follow. As a result, the club president and two pledge mistresses have been suspended from campus winter semester, and the club itself has been suspended for at least a year.

The hospitalized girl's parents have watched their daughter undergo

Billy Joel Live at the Marriott Center

by Keith Cope

Parading a crack eight-piece touring band and white Converse sneakers, Billy Joel stormed the Marriot Center Friday with a nearly three-hour show that more than highlighted his 15-year career as a performing musician.

Opening with a loud fanfare of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" that segued into "A Matter of Trust" (from Joel's latest album *The Bridge*), Joel proceeded to define his musical territory with an outstanding collection of typically American songs.

Joel laces his songs with figures culled from a vast American panorama. They carry a message--such as his new release "The Time," which Joel introduced with the words, "sometimes you get sick of hearing about 'the good-old-days'--this is the time, the time is now!"

Although he disappointed many fans by not parading his wife Christie Brinkley as well, Joel's performance was nonetheless brilliantly paced, his onstage persona dynamic. He teased and joked with the crowd in a buoyant, almost reckless manner which belied his extremely professional delivery.

Pushing the limits of safety, Joel ventured deep into the crowd to shake hands and even disarm an unsuspecting co-ed or two. Midway through the show the performer

waved aside bodyguards' attempts to expel errant students who climbed backstage. And for his third encore, Joel even brandished a popcorn bag on his head after a student decided it looked better on Billy than anywhere else.

Joel stacked his impressive array of hits one upon the other, interspersing lesser-known (but easily as good) songs such as "Scenes From an Italian Restaraunt" and "Vienna." Missing were "Just the Way You Are" (from *The Stranger*) and "Honesty" (from *52nd Street*).

The band, including longtime members Liberty DeVitto on drums and David Brown on guitar (can this boy solo!), astounded the audience with its energetic sound and tasty, barely-restrained delivery. Veteran sax-monger Paul Rivera assailed the crowd with his fiery display of musical polish. Joel himself shocked the audience with his technical brilliance during "Angry Young Man" (from his *Turnstiles* album). These guys are nothing if not professional.

Perhaps the highlight of the concert musically was the band's thrilling rendition of "Innocent Man." Paced midway through the show, the song's fresh arrangement and balanced rhythmic interplay between instruments climaxed in a stunning duet between Joel and vocalist Peter Hewlett. Afterwards, the performer launched into high gear with his "tribute" to youthful awakening "Only the Good Die Young." At this point the crowd went simply wild.

Joel seemed to give everything he had--and the audience could tell. The performer spent the rest of the night showing off his amazing knack for crowd control, effortlessly pacing the audience through song after song, raising their adrenalin level as if energy was all that mattered.

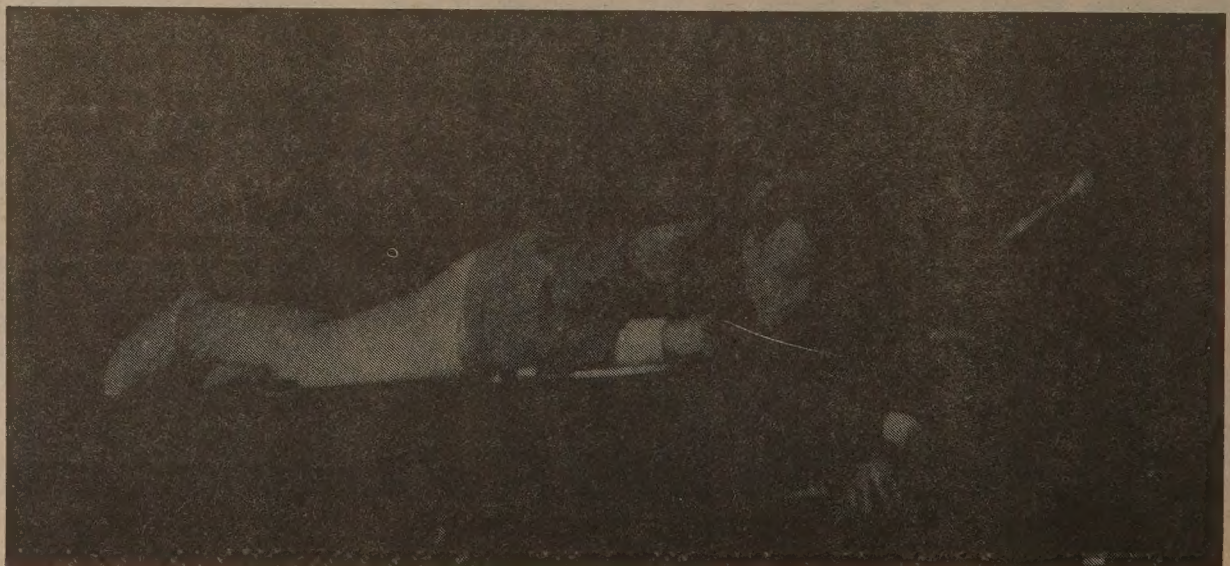
Joel's encore rendition of "Uptown Girl" (his energetic homage to you-know-who) seemed unnecessarily rushed, as did "Big Shot," when the performer pounced his piano--stepping on keys, prancing on the top, his sneakers marring the grand's exquisite ebony finish. But by this time, the audience didn't seem to care. They were too busy being

whipped into a frenzy, the likes of which haven't been seen since last year's Tears For Fears concert.

During the second encore, when Joel asked if Utahns were "Keeping the Faith," the house almost came down. The Marriot center crowd simply demanded more--and got it by giving a war whoop to which both Joel and DeVitto expressed their total suprise. By the time Joel ended his fourth encore with a nondescript 50's romp, I felt almost cheated--nearly three hours with Billy Joel is definitely not enough--I needed

another hour at least. After the show, die-hard fans gathered on the west terrace overlooking Joel's tour buses, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Piano Man, a final bow and a wave goodbye. Let's hope he comes again next year.

Keith Cope really enjoyed the concert. Our photographer was D. Mark Tullis, noted saxophonist and epicure.



A Look at Provo's New Theaters

by James Cromar

In the future, 1986 may be seen as the year theater in Provo established itself as a vital force in the local arts scene. The BYU Theater Department took a daring leap this season by presenting a combination of challenging works by world-renowned writers, such as Sondheim and Chekhov, as well as showcasing several plays by BYU students. In return, the Provo community is rewarding these efforts with popular acceptance and support.

In addition, two small theaters are opening their doors soon. Theatre-in-the-Square moves up two stories from its former location in the basement of Provo-Town Square, and The Kenner-Brockway Theatre opens this week in the back of the Heavy Weather compact disc store. The origins of both theaters are worth noting.

The newer of the two, The Kenner-Brockway Theatre, is Mike Richan's second Provo enterprise. This fall he opened up Heavy Weather in the front section of the old Studio 138 building. Together with some theatrically talented friends, he decided to utilize the back part of the building by putting in a small theater. Those familiar with the Studio will recognize that Richan and friends needed to make only a few minor modifications in the building to convert to a theater.

The two one-act plays that open the season are presented in workshop style. Richan uses this term to prepare the audience for the stark staging and theater setting.

"The Session," written and directed by D. E. Butler, is a two character play about a married couple in a psychiatrist's office. The interest is heightened by the fact that the couple are tied into their chairs by the doctor and are left to confront each other. The second play is Richan's "The Big Picture." The story concerns a man who goes for a job interview with a unique establishment. The play deals with the differences a person can make in the world, but also with the differences a person can make by changing himself.

One aspect of the theater that will prepare theater-goers for the grittier productions to be presented there is the entrance. Since the front part of the building houses the CD store, patrons will enter the theater through the alley. Richan admits that some people may be nervous to go through an alley to get to his theater but is confident that Provo alleys are likely safe.

Richan is explicit in his desires that audience members come prepared for the type of theater he is offering. The language is rough and warnings are posted in the ads for the play stating that "some material may be considered offensive." Richan posts this warning to keep away people that might be tempted to walk out in the middle of the play, an act Richan considers "poor etiquette and very rude."

He adds, "I don't care that someone walks out of here offended. In fact, I hope the majority of the

people walk out of here a little shaken up or offended or something. If not, then what was the purpose of coming?"

Richan hopes that audiences will be attracted to his theater because he presents consistently exciting productions, especially plays that would not be presented elsewhere in Provo. He would rather close his doors than present theater that is not up to his exacting standards. While being slightly concerned about the reaction to his plays, Richan is optimistic that the Provo community will support his efforts.

Thom Duncan, the guiding force behind Theatre-in-the-Square, also wants to bring good theater to Provo. However, his emphasis is LDS theater. He is concerned that much LDS theater is either too cutesy-sweet or caustic to the opposite extreme. Duncan said, "Mormon theater is never going to gain popular acceptance unless we can somehow make a point without going too far in either direction."

He adds, "My goal is to make it so that some day LDS and theater are mentioned in the same sentence without people laughing." He plans to use his theater as a place to develop good theater that draws from the LDS culture. "Matters of the Heart," the opening play of the season deals with the reaction of an LDS father as his son returns home early from his mission. The play

transcends the LDS experience to deal with a universal problem: the conflict between a father and son.

Before moving up to their new location, Theatre-in-the-Square was located in a cramped, unheated room in the basement of Provo-Town Square. Duncan tells how patrons brought blankets to keep warm and how he even blocked a space heater into one play to warm up the place a bit. He also had to borrow folding chairs from local LDS meetinghouses.

From these challenging beginnings, Duncan has moved to a larger space. Instead of folding chairs, he will have theater seats, and he feels fortunate to have space for a lobby.

Duncan, like Richan, is not out to get rich but to bring quality theater to Provo. They both want to make enough money to cover their costs and to keep the theaters open.

Thom Duncan reports that last year Provo audiences supported Theatre-in-the-Square and he expects even greater support this year. Mike Richan also believes in the quality of his theatrical product and in the ability of the community to support it. For Provo's sake, I hope both theaters receive the support they deserve.

James Cromar is also responsible for the Top 20 and the calendar. He wears little round glasses.

The Top 20

This Week		Last Week
1.	BYU Women's Volleyball	1
1a.	BYU Men's Volleyball	1a
3.	"Fresno" (the miniseries)	-
4.	Lucky Charms	-
5.	Risk takers	-
6.	"Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (at Varsity II)	-
7.	Fringes	-
8.	Provo-Town Square redevelopment	-
9.	Doctrine and Covenants	-
10.	Plastique	-
11.	OMD--"Forever Live and Die"	-
12.	Microwave ovens	-
13.	Madonna's golden tips	-
14.	"The God's Must Be Crazy" (at Blue Mouse)	-
15.	Kitsch	-
16.	"Jeopardy"	-
17.	David Bowie	17
18.	Graffiti art	3
19.	"The Adventures of Ruby"	-
20.	The Smiths	-

The Bottom 10 (in alphabetical order)

Bon Jovi, the expulsion of BYU club members, "The Facts of Life", funerals, "Life with Lucy", the Ski Connection radio commercials, Sam Kinison, Saturday Night Live, U.S. arms to Iran, ZZ Top--"Velcro Fly".

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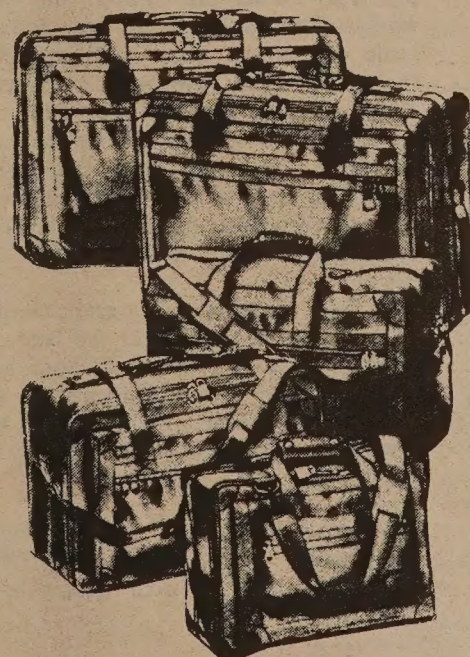
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Book Review

Eugene England and Paradox

Why the Church is as True as the Gospel, by Eugene England
Bookcraft, 143 pages

by Roger Leishman

I finally met Eugene England this spring, when we shared a table at yet another Food Service banquet; but I had "met" him several times before then. First he was the dynamic Honors professor who converted all my freshman dorm-mates to rabid intellectualism and Food for Poland. Then I read his first collection of essays, *Dialogues With Myself*--a continuing inspiration in any oxymoronic attempt to become a Mormon scholar. Finally I encountered an early version of his sermon "Why the Church is as True as the Gospel." This essay, which provides the title and the direction for England's new book, was intriguing, provocative, perhaps glib--and as Hugh Nibley writes, filled with "electrifying insights that shock with their originality and unexpectedness."

Why the Church is as True as the Gospel, like England's first book, is a collection of essays and speeches on a variety of Mormon topics. England, a BYU English professor, includes essays on Christian themes in Shakespeare and Hawthorne; analyses of the sermons of Brigham Young and Spencer W. Kimball; extracts from a moving pioneer journal; and a perspective on BYU's mission and "music of hope."

But the theme of the three pivotal essays, as well as the collection as a whole, is paradox. Existence, according to England, Lehi, and William Blake, derives from opposition. Freedom versus order, reason or emotion, mercy and justice, faith and works, men and women: "progression is only possible through a struggle with opposition toward higher states of enlightenment and organization. . . . Knowledge is the key to this power to increase, and the essential knowledge is dialectical, or knowledge of opposites."

England discusses aspects of opposition in each essay. For example, he uses *Hamlet* and *Lear* to show how the Atonement resolves the demands of law and love. A Hawthorne short story echoes Adam's "fortunate fall"; Brigham Young and Spencer Kimball are both seen in terms of contraries.

"The Trouble with Excellence" focuses on the paradox of coveting the best gifts while cultivating humility. The essay originally appeared in Deseret Book's *Excellence*--no doubt providing a sobering contrast to the sometimes overzealous pursuit of excellence in Mormondom.

In "On Finding Truth and God," England addresses the anguished souls who fast and pray and struggle--and don't get answers. "Though we may be blind and gullible pilgrims in a strange and deadly universe, assaulted on all sides by claims and counter-claims, there is an orderly way to begin to sort things out. We need only have the courage to hope." Amid the oppositions, contraries, and paradoxes, England testifies of hope and peace and resolution.

"Why the Church is as True as the Gospel" makes a significant and challenging attack on the cliché that "the gospel is true, even perfect, but the Church is, after all, a human instrument . . . and understandably imperfect." According to England, the Church--like marriage--is actually an ideal vehicle for salvation. Not only does it offer the necessary truth and authority; but it also lets us save and serve each other as we "struggle to be obedient while maintaining independence, to have faith while being true to reason and evidence, to serve and love in the face of imperfection" and paradox.

I sometimes have problems with Gene and his pack of paradoxes. First, as Nero Wolfe complains about lawyers, "He thinks everything has two sides, which is nonsense." Opposition is important, but I'm not convinced it's the only thing. Of course, England's obsession with constructive oppositions is understandable and appropriate--he is the founder of *Dialogue*.

England raises many issues and poses many questions, often unresolved and unanswered. Paradox can lead to productive synthesis and resolution; but in life sometimes a few volkish contradictions sneak in among the sheepish paradoxes. These aren't always the beautiful, profound, eternal opportunities for growth that England so relishes--they just hurt, and don't easily go away.

England affirms few solutes. For example, in an earlier draft of "Why the Church is as True as the Gospel," he says "I believe . . . that the Mormon Church, for most people, perhaps all, is the best one, the only true and living Church." That contradictory *perhaps* (which doesn't appear in the final version of the essay in the book) has the potential for painful contradictions. But most of his paradoxes are indeed powerful and inspiring; and the faith that he finally affirms is filled with strength and hope.

Whatever the tensions and problems facing the Church and the world, Eugene England has found some measure of peace and joy, and shares his vision with articulate hope. "Life in this universe is full of polarities and is made full by them.... Whatever it means that we will eventually see 'face to face,' now we can see only 'through a glass, darkly' and we had better make the best of it."

Gene England sees exceptionally clearly, and clearly makes the best of what he sees. In the end, both his example and his explication of paradox can benefit members of the Church and students of the Gospel.

Roger is a dutiful son, a fun roommate, and an eligible bachelor. He is also Editor of Student Review.

Editor's Choice: Thanks to the best freshman English class in Provo (and yes, I'll grade your research papers someday).

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Asterisk (*) indicates a free event.

We would like your feedback on the calendar. Where do you like to go out? Which are your favorite clubs? Let us know and we'll get it in the calendar. Call 377-2980.

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m. performances November 20-December 6, daily except Sunday and Monday. Monday matinee December 1, 4:00 p.m.
*Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theatre, SLC Performances Sundays at 7:30
Before I Got My Eye Put Out -Babcock Theatre, U. of U. Campus, SLC Performances November 12-23.
A Christmas Carol -Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main, SLC 8:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, November 29-December 23. Adults \$4.50, children \$3.00
Goldilocks and the Three Bears -The Young People's Theatre, U. of U. Union Bldg., Saltair Room, SLC Matinee and evening performances November 19-22.
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, 13th E. 3200 South, SLC 8:00 performances Thursday-Saturday November 7 through December 11. Tickets \$5
Original Children's Play -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, 13th E. 3200 South, SLC Matinee performances at 1 & 3 p.m. November 8, 15 & 22.
The Snow Queen, presented by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre-Symphony Hall, SLC 7:30 p.m. performances November 28, 29 and December 3, 4.
**The Real Thing" by Tom Stoppard -Nelke Experimental Theatre. November 20-22. Curtain 6:00, admission free.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 North, SLC 8:00 p.m. performances Wednesday through Saturday November 14-January 4.
Saturday's Warrior -East High School, SLC November 21, 22 & 24. Highland High School, SLC November 28, 29. 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture, two one-act plays -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre, 138 W. Center 9:00 p.m. performances Thursday, Friday & Saturday November 20-December 14.

Thursday, November 20, 1986

Concerts
Chicago -Salt Palace, SLC 8:00 p.m.
*Synthesizer Ensemble -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony and Symphony Choir -De Jong Concert Hall 7:30

Film
The Gods Must Be Crazy -Blue Mouse 5:15, 7:15, 9:15

Iphigenia (Greek) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:35 (Lecture on "Iphigenia" by Tom Mackay and Doug Phillips at 3:00.)
Karate Kid II -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Ordet (Danish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower. 7:50
Without Witnesses (Russian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:00

Lectures

*Brown Bag Lecture, Ms. Arlene Loble, City Manager, Park City -710 Tanner Bldg. 11 a.m.
*Marshall R. Craig, "Emily Dickinson's Poetry: Defining the Undefined" -321 Wilkinson Center 1 p.m.
*G. Eugene England, "A House That Tries To Be Haunted: Dickinson's Poetry on Death" -321 Wilkinson Center 2 p.m.
**Professional Excellence of the Successful Family," Dr. Ruth E. Brasher, professor of Home Economics -Wilkinson Center Ballroom 7:30 p.m.

Sports
BYU Men's Volleyball, vs Santa Barbara -Smith Fieldhouse 7:30 p.m.
Tennis, ITCA Region 7 Rolex Championships -Tennis Courts all day

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
*The Bedbug (in Russian. Translators provided.) -205 Law Bldg. 7:30 p.m.
Before I Got My Eye Put Out -Babcock Theatre, SLC
Goldilocks and the Three Bears -The Young People's Theatre, U. of U. Union Bldg., Saltair Room, SLC 4:30, 7:30
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
**The Real Thing" by Tom Stoppard -Nelke Theatre 6:00.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre 9:00 p.m.

Miscellaneous

*Pep Rally -Wilkinson Center Ballroom 11:30 a.m.

Friday, November 21, 1986

Concerts
*BYU Chamber Orchestra, Clyn Barrus music director -Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall, SLC 7:30 p.m.
*Concerts Impromptu Christmas Show -Memorial Lounge, Wilkinson Center 7-9 p.m.
*Faculty Recital, Ron Brough and Jeffrey Shumway -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
University Singers -De Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein conducting -Symphony Hall, SLC 7 p.m.

Dance

Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company, Live Dance/Video Performance -Capitol Theatre 8:00 p.m.

Film

Cyrano de Bergerac -Film Society, 250 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Gods Must Be Crazy -Blue Mouse 5:15, 7:15, 9:15
Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Iphigenia (Greek) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:20, 9:35

Ordet (Danish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00
Pee Wee's Big Adventure -Varsity II Theatre, JSB Auditorium 7:00, 9:30
A Thousand Clowns -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
Without Witnesses (Russian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:00

Sports

BYU Women's Volleyball, vs. Utah -Smith Fieldhouse 7:30 p.m.
Hockey, Golden Eagles vs. Indianapolis Checkers -Salt Palace, SLC 7:30
Tennis, ITCA Region 7 Rolex Championships -Tennis Courts all day

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Before I Got My Eye Put Out -Babcock Theatre, SLC
Five on a Honeymoon -Hale Center Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Goldilocks and the Three Bears -The Young People's Theatre, U. of U. Union Bldg., Saltair Room, SLC 4:30, 7:30
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
**The Real Thing" by Tom Stoppard -Nelke Theatre 6:00.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Warrior -East High School, SLC 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre 9:00 p.m.
The Tavern -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 8:00 p.m.

Miscellaneous

Preference

Saturday, November 22, 1986

Concerts

*Musica Reservata, an instrumental ensemble -Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall, SLC 7:30 p.m.
*University Chorale -De Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m. Tickets required.
Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein conducting -Symphony Hall, SLC 7 p.m.

Film

Cyrano de Bergerac -Film Society, 250 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Gods Must Be Crazy -Blue Mouse 5:15, 7:15, 9:15
Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Iphigenia (Greek) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00, 7:15
Pee Wee's Big Adventure -Varsity II Theatre, JSB Auditorium 7:00, 9:30
A Thousand Clowns -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID

*The Real Thing" by Tom Stoppard -Nelke Theatre 6:00.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Warrior -East High School, SLC 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre 9:00 p.m.
The Tavern -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 8:00 p.m.

Miscellaneous

Preference

Sunday, November 23, 1986

Music

*Mormon Tabernacle Choir Broadcast -Tabernacle, SLC 9:30 a.m. (Be in seats by 9:20.)
*Temple Square Organ Recital -Tabernacle, SLC 4:00 p.m.

Theater

*Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theatre, SLC 7:30

Monday, November 24, 1986

Concerts

Tunes at Noon -Cougareat 6 p.m.

Film

Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Nature's Strangest Creature -Monte L. Bean Museum 6, 7 & 8 p.m.
Pee Wee's Big Adventure -Varsity II Theatre, JSB Auditorium 7:00, 9:30

Theater

Saturday's Warrior -East High School, SLC 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, November 25, 1986

Concerts

Folk Ensemble -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
*Frances Richards, Barlow Lecture -Madsen Recital Hall 11 a.m.
Philharmonic Orchestra -De Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

Film

Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, November 26, 1986

Concerts

Utah Symphony Salute to Youth, Joseph Silverstein conducting -Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

Film

Girl from the Country (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45
Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30

The Pioneers (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00, 8:15
Return to the Electric Love (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:30

Sports

Basketball, Utah Jazz vs. Seattle -Salt Palace, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Swimming, Beehive Rallies -Richards Bldg. Pools 3:30 p.m.

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 27, 1986

Film

Gung Ho -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.

Friday, November 28, 1986

Concerts

Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein conducting, Aaron Rosand violinist -Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.
*Viewmont High School Combined Choirs -Temple Square Concert Series, Tabernacle, SLC 7:30 p.m.

Film

Girl from the Country (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00, 8:15
It's A Wonderful Life -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Journey of Natty Gann -Varsity II Theatre, JSB Auditorium 7:00, 9:30
Labyrinth -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Metropolis -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Pioneers (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:30
Return to the Electric Love (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45

Sports

BYU Women's Basketball, vs. Washington -Marriott Center 7:30

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Warrior -Highland High School, SLC 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre 9:00 p.m.
The Snow Queen -Capitol Theatre, SLC 7:30 p.m.
The Tavern -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 8:00 p.m.

Miscellaneous

*Temple Square Lighting Ceremony, with the Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus, Robert C. Bowden conductor-Tabernacle 5:30 p.m.

Saturday, November 29, 1986

Concerts

The Judds, with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band -Salt Palace, SLC 8:00 p.m.
*University of Utah Wind Symphony, Gregg I. Hansen conductor -Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall, SLC 7:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony, Joseph Silverstein conducting, Aaron Rosand violinist -Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

Film

Girl from the Country (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:30
It's A Wonderful Life -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Journey of Natty Gann -Varsity II Theatre, JSB Auditorium 7:00, 9:30
Labyrinth -Varsity I Theatre 4:30, 7:00, 9:30
Metropolis -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00, 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/o ID
The Pioneers (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45
Return to the Electric Love (Chinese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00, 8:15

Sports

BYU Football, at San Diego State, 7:00 p.m.

Theater

Androcles and the Lion -Pardoe Theatre 7:30 p.m.
A Christmas Carol -Hale Center Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Greater Tuna -Brickyard Plaza Theatre, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas 1986 -Salt Lake Acting Company, SLC 8:00 p.m.
Saturday's Warrior -Highland High School, SLC 8:00 p.m.
The Session and The Big Picture -The Kenner-Brockway Theatre 9:00 p.m.
The Snow Queen -Capitol Theatre, SLC 7:30 p.m.
The Tavern -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 8:00 p.m.

Floor 12 from front page

under each arm. We took the opposite direction toward a message board that said things like, "Dave, I'm not going to clean it," "Don't do it without me," and "Take it out at 5." What "it" was remains a mystery, but that they could not write "it" invited some frightening thoughts.

Next we happened upon room 1240, labeled "Animal Colony (mammals)." The door to 1240A was locked, but through the window we caught a glimpse of two yellow-orange primates clinging to their cage, screaming, and staring wide-eyed at us. On the door was the admonition: "THESE MONKEYS ARE NOT TO BE FED, PLAYED WITH, OR AGITATED IN ANY WAY." I wondered how long it had been since these creatures last saw solid food.

1240B was stuffed with white rabbits. On their cages were notices describing the experimental status of each long-eared rodent: "Injected 10/12/86." Just what they were injected with I have no idea (maybe "it").

1240C contained the mammals I had been waiting for--the rats. Our rodent friends seemed to be doing fine: their paper fresh, their water clean, and food bins overflowing with brownish cylinder-shaped biscuits. They all began scampering up and down their cages excitedly when we came in, obviously happy for the company. We would have stayed for a longer visit, but the unpleasant odor coupled with my weak stomach convinced us to continue our adventure in another room.

Before leaving the animal colony we discovered, tacked to the door, most thorough directions for disposing of dead rats:

- (1) Put the carcass in two plastic bags and seal them both.
- (2) Put the carcass in the freezer in room 1270.
- (3) If the animal needs to be examined, put it in the door of the freezer (the usual ice cream rack).
- (4) Try to avoid touching the animal as much as possible.
- (5) BE SURE TO WASH YOUR HANDS WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH (my mother always told me to wash my hands after fondling dead rodents. I guess she was right after all).

Down the hall we found part B of the animal colony--birds. I was glad to see that these white-feathered pigeons were living in BYU-approved housing: males and females were indeed in separate rooms (but sharing the same roof).

We then came to my favorite room: 1278 "Electroencephalography." (in layman's terms, human shock to measure the electric activity of the brain). A spacious brown leather chair sat in the middle of this cubicle, with the appropriate head piece hanging down over it. Yellow, blue, red, and green wires slithered through the cap and into a monitor on the table. A half-used tube of "Electrode cream" also lay on the table awaiting the next victim. The perfect setting for a consultation with your psych professor, I must say.

The next room had cabinets full of human brains (perhaps those who once owned them had unpleasant experiences in room 1278). We were about to explore the next room ("Hormones and Behavior," 1280) when we heard heavy footsteps coming toward us. The beefy woman in the lab coat, hands on hips (now sans pigeons), glared sternly from the end of the hall. We made a beeline to the elevator, and, once on the descending lift, congratulated ourselves for not getting caught (there's something to be said about escaping such a situation without punishment--it feels wonderful, especially in Provo, Utah).

The twelfth floor, of course, is more to be experienced than read about, and since I've whetted your appetite for adventure, you'll probably want to have a first-hand look at the place. Theoretically, it is impossible. But there may be ways of beating the proverbial system. You just need to be creative:

1. Wear a white lab coat, carry a clipboard, and ride the elevators all day (someone on 12 will need to come down sometime). Clipboards can do wonders for your image--believe me. No one will ask questions as long as you look official. If you have a pet rodent (or a very small dog), bring it along as an extra precaution. Remember to tag the animal's leg and draw a few graphs to place in the clipboard.
2. Take a campus tour and, on the way up to the observation deck, accidentally on purpose get separated from your group. Of course, this means that you will have to ride around campus in one of those safari carts, praying that no one you know will see you. You'll probably also get stuck with a group of senior citizens from Burley, Idaho, which could put a damper on the whole affair (just ask Don Norton or George Pace). But

make the best of it--pretend you're an atheist from New Jersey and ask a lot of questions about Mormonism. You might even enjoy yourself in a perverted sort of way (at least you'll give some ex-Relief Society President the joy of thinking she's saved your soul).

3. Track down a psychology professor who does research on 12, bump into him one day and tell him he looks very familiar. Then convince him you are related to him (make up a story about your mother's ex-sister-in-law who once had a friend who lived in his old ward and exchanged recipes with his grandmother). Then get him on the subject of his research on homosexual rats. Tell him you've always wondered why some rats prefer members of their own sex. Throw in something about Freud and the Reverse Oedipus Complex. He'll undoubtedly suggest that you come on up and see his rats. Proceed to floor 12.

4. Get an I.D. from the Utah Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Animals. Go to the psychology department and tell them you've been getting some complaints about the nature of their experiments. Be sure to wear a Greenpeace button and carry that clipboard. Proceed to floor 12.

5. Tell a psych professor you've been hearing voices. Proceed to floor 12 and plan on staying a while.

These, of course, are only suggestions--you may want to contrive your own scheme to reach the heights of the Kimball Tower. But however you decide to get there, get there. Poke around and have fun. Don't touch anything that looks too official. Enjoy your ride back down to reality and remember, WASH YOUR HANDS WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH.

Willa Murphy, besides being a marvelous writer, is now starting her own travel agency specializing in trips to the 12th floor. Illustrated brochures available.

Clubs from page 7

reconstructive facial surgery three times in the last two weeks and are pleading with campus clubs and their leaders to begin to follow the administration's guidelines. But, to quote the letter which set forth the new restrictions, "efforts to reform unacceptable practices have largely fallen upon deaf ears." An incident which could have been put to positive use as a turning point and a commitment to stay in bounds in the future is instead being viewed by many as bad luck in "getting caught." The club in question has every intention of continuing to meet and function. They have already begun to violate more of the official guidelines concerning social clubs.

And they are not alone in their unwillingness to comply with the requests of the administration. Virtually all of the clubs we investigated covertly violated what they saw as overly restrictive guidelines, regardless of what they had agreed to with the administration. As one club officer explained, "We obey the rules we can and hide the ones we can't. The rules are so unrealistic, everyone has had to break them." In every case the intentional infractions were accompanied by corresponding club oaths of secrecy concerning the violations.

And so the battle rages. The clubs continue to pursue their agenda as does the administration. This week's damage report: three more students, this time from Sam Hall, were suspended winter semester. Tau Sigma has been assessed \$1400 in damages and placed on probation for egging and manuring the Sigma Epsilon house. In order to atone for that indiscretion, Tau Sig joined Sig Ep, who still needed to pay for the rather visible (and unapproved) bonding rumble they participated in on the checkerboard quad last month, in forming the Marshmallow Brigade at last week's football game. Sources in both clubs confirm that their decision to participate in what the administration called an "institutional service project" was less than

voluntary.

With these seemingly unreconcilable differences, the prospects of bright future relations between the warring camps seem slight. We felt it our obligation to approach the administration with this problem. With such apparently widespread violations, we wondered if they were really enforcing all of the breaches they're made aware of. Ryan Thomas, assistant dean of Student Life, was candid and helpful in assessing the problem. He admitted there are certainly more reported infractions than disciplinary actions taken, but the administration can only discipline students for violations which Standards can verify.

He also provided us with some helpful insight. "The great tragedy of the secret violations," Thomas observed, "is in the students' lives."

We agree. Hell nights and hazing are wrong, especially when they explicitly violate University guidelines. Social clubs can serve more honorable purposes; they should.

Greg and Kathleen wrote this article at 3:00 am in the Kimball Tower. Not on the 12th floor, however.

*Letters to the Editor
PO Box 7092
Provo, UT 84602*

(This is your last chance to submit letters to the editor for Fall Semester.)

*Editor's note:
Letters and articles
are always welcome.
We publish some of them.
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